

INFANT HYMNS:

designed for

YOUNG CHILDREN.

BY DR. WATTS.



NEW HAVEN.
SIDNEY BABCOCK.

81250

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1844.





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HYMN I.

A Morning Hymn

My Father! I thank thee for sleep,
For quiet and peaceable rest;
I thank thee for stooping to keep
An infant from being distrest.

O how can a poor little creature
repay
Thy fatherly kindness by night and
by day?

My voice would be lisping thy
praise,
My heart would repay thee with
love;

O teach me to walk in thy ways,
And fit me to see thee above;
For Jesus said "Let little children
come nigh;"
And he will not despise such an
infant as I.



As long as thou seest it right
 That here upon earth I should
 stay,
 I pray thee to guard me by night,
 And help me to serve thee by
 day ;
 That when all the days of my life
 shall have passed,
 I may worship thee better in
 heaven at last.

HYMN II.

An Evening Hymn.

Lord, I have passed another day,
 And come to thank thee for thy
 care ;
 Forgive my faults in work and play,
 And listen to my evening prayer.

Thy favor gives me daily bread,
 And friends who all my wants
 supply ;
 And safely now I rest my head,
 Preserved and guarded by thine
 eye.



Look down in pity and forgive
 Whate'er I've said or done
 amiss ;

And help me every day I live,
 To serve thee better than in this.

Now while I sleep be pleased to
 take

A helpless child beneath thy
 care ;

And condescend, for Jesus' sake,
 To listen to my evening prayer

HYMN III.

The Grave of an Infant.

What is this little grassy mound,
 Where pretty daisies bloom ?
 What is there lying under ground ?
 It is an infant's tomb !

Alas, poor baby ! did it die ?
 How dismal that must be !
 To bid this pretty world good bye,
 Seems very sad to me.



Silence, my child, for could we
hear

This happy baby's voice,
We should not drop another tear,
But triumph and rejoice.

"O, do not weep for me,"
The happy soul would say ;
"Nor grieve, dear child, that I am
free
From that poor sleeping clay.

Mourn not, because my feeble
breath
Was stopped as soon as given ;
There's nothing terrible in death,
To those who come to heaven.

No sin, no sorrow, no complaints,
My pleasures here destroy ;
I live with God and all his saints,
And endless is our joy.

While with the spirits of the just
My Savior I adore,
I smile upon my sleeping dust,
'That now can weep no more.



HYMN IV.

God Made and Does all Things.

GOD made the world, in every
land

His love and power are shown;
All are protected by his hand,
But few his goodness own.

He sees and governs distant lands,
And constant bounty pours,
From wild Arabia's burning sands,
To Lapland's frozen shores.

In forest shades, and silent plains,
Where feet have never trod,
There, in his mighty power he
reigns,
The ever-present God.

All the inhabitants of earth,
Who dwell beneath the sun,
Of different nations, name, and
birth,
He knows them every one,



Alike the rich and poor are known,
 The polished and the wild ;
 He sees the king upon his throne,
 And every little child.

He knows the worthy from the vile,
 And sends his mercy down ;
 None are too mean to share his
 smile,
 Or to provoke his frown.

Great God ! and since thy piercing
 eye
 My inmost thought can see,
 Teach me from every sin to fly,
 And turn that heart to thee.

HYMN V.

God made the Sun, Moon, and Stars.

CHILD.

I saw the glorious sun arise
 From yonder mountain gray,
 And as he traveled through the
 skies,
 The darkness fled away ;

And all around me looked so
 bright,
 I wished it would be always light.

But when his shining course was
 done,

The gentle moon drew nigh,
 And stars came twinkling one by
 one,

Upon the shady sky.
 Who made the sun to shine so far,
 The moon, and every twinkling
 star?

MOTHER.

'Twas God, my child, who made
 them all,

By his Almighty hand;
 He holds them that they do not fall,
 And bids them move or stand:
 That glorious God who lives afar,
 In heaven beyond the highest star.

CHILD.

How very great that God must be,
 Who rolls them through the air!
 Too high, mamma, to notice me,
 Or listen to my prayer!

I fear he will not condescend
To be a little infant's friend.

MOTHER.

O yes, my love, for though he made
Those wonders in the sky,
You never need to be afraid
He should neglect your cry;
For humble as a child may be,
A praying child he loves to see.

Behold the daisy where you tread,
That useless little thing;
Behold the insects overhead,
That gambol in the spring;
His goodness bids the daisy rise,
And every insect's want supplies.

And will he not descend to make
A feeble child his care?
Yes, Jesus died for children's sake,
And loves the youngest prayer
God made the stars and daisies too
And watches over them and you

HYMN VI.

Love and Duty to Parents.

My Father, my Mother, I know,
 I can not your kindness repay ;
 But I hope that as older I grow,
 I shall learn your commands to
 obey.

You loved me before I could tell
 Who it was that so tenderly
 smiled ;
 But now that I know it so well,
 I should be a dutiful child.

I am sorry that ever I should
 Be naughty and give you a pain :
 I hope I shall learn to be good,
 And so never grieve you again.

But for fear that I ever should dare
 From all your commands to de-
 part,
 Whenever I'm saying my prayer,
 I'll ask for a dutiful heart



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